So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heauenly oath, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you haue liu'd in deſolation heere,
Vnſeene, vnuiſited, much to our ſhame.
Qu. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſweare,
We haue had paſtimes heere and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of Ruſſians left vs but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Ruſſians?
Qu. I intruth my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam ſpeake true. It is not ſo my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curteſie giues vndeſeruing praiſe.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Ruſſia habit: Heere they ſtayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles: but this I thinke.
When they are thirſtie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Ber. This ieſt is drie to me. Gentle ſweet,
Your wits makes wiſe things fooliſh when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing, heauens fiery eye:
By light we looſe light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore,
Wiſe things ſeeme fooliſh, and rich things but poore.
Roſ. This proues you wiſe and rich: for in my eye
Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſſe.
Roſ. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you leſſe.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? what Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are diſcried,
They'll mocke vs now downeright.

Du. Let vs confeſſe and turne it
Que. Amaz'd my Lord, Why lo
Roſa. Helpe hold his browes, he'
Sea-ſicke I thinke, comming from
Ber. Thus poure the ſtars down
Can any face of braſſe hold longer
Heere ſtand I, Ladie dart thy skill
Bruiſe me with ſcorne, confound m
Thruſt thy ſcarpe wit quite throug
Cut me to peeces with thy keene
And I will wiſh thee neuer more to
Nor neuer more in Ruſſian habit w
O! neuer will I truſt to ſpeeches pe
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-bo
Nor neuer come in vizard to my fri
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpe
Taffata phraſes, ſilken tearmes prec
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, ſpruce af
Figures pedanticall, theſe ſummer
Haue blowne me full of maggot o
I do forſweare them, and I heere p
By this white Gloue (how white th
Henceforth my woing minde ſhall
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie no
And to begin Wench, ſo God hel
My loue to thee is ſound, *ſans* cra
Roſa. Sans, ſans, I pray you.
Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I
Ile leaue it by degrees: ſoft, let vs
Write *Lord haue mercy on vs*, ont
They are infected, in their hearts i
They haue the plague, and caught
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are no
For the Lords tokens on you doe
Qu. No they are free that gaue
Ber. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek
Roſ. It is not ſo: for how can th
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3